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J. W. Freedman, Atty,
H & Hoadley Building
Memphis, Tenn.

March, 1919.

Saturday. —

Precious Honey Love: —

Well, dear, once you start writing March, April does not seem so far away does it, love? I'll I've counted it up — 60 days more. That sounds like a big bunch doesn't it, love? I suppose, though, it will soon pass. I hope so anyway.

I received, love, your wonderful big letter which I shall answer Monday, if all is well. I sure did wait patiently all week for that letter, and was more than delighted with it. It was wonderful.

Honey dear, I am very, very happy that you got that divorce case. Even though you do not make very much out of it, it will no doubt, in its way pay you with more cases. I sure do hope so, precious, and judging from what you told me of nigger clients I am sure it bring you more cases. As to the big one — Honey, see to it that you

make a little notoriety, and a name and money (last but not least) out of it. Oh, Lord, I wish you could somehow get out of it! Wouldn't it, precious, be wonderful? Then, too, perhaps the Dean may do something for you and then with the possibility of L. Taylor's proposition and that notary republic's position — it does, honey, look encouraging, doesn't it!

As you know, I spent the night at home. Home, Lord is feeling fine, I am happy to say. Except that she had a sore throat last week. She is getting along wonderfully well. We laughed and talked until almost 12 P.M. Seeing each other so seldom, we have so much to talk about. Mom told me to write to you that she is very, very, very angry at you. Why? Because even if you have another girl down there that you may care, of the big case, is no reason why you should altogether neglect and forget your mother. Only a letter last week, honey, which mom thinks is terrible. You'll have to do better if you want to hold on to the pull you have with mom. Her best love to you, angrily, Lord, I am.

You must, Lord, think of me just as you do, love me and be good and tender all the time. Some time it sure does look as though the time will never, never come, for me to be with you. I dreamt about you last night — it's no wonder, as I think of you constantly, think and talk of you and always longing for you. Indeed, Lord, we sure will be happy in that little home of ours in May. I am very happy that we can celebrate our first wedding

anniversary in our own little house. The prospects are certainly wonderfully bright for us. Last year then we were still in service and peace seemed so far off and so vague. Thank God, that is all over. At times when I think of those terrible times, I fancy it must have been a terrible dream. I hope, love, I shall never have to go through that again. It was certainly awful.

Well, dear heart, I shall have to draw the letter to an end as I am sure I'll not have a thing to say in that big letter on Monday. And who ever heard of a big letter without anything to write about? So dear, with all my hugs, kisses, love and all my thoughts to you my darling precious hubby, I'll am

Everlasting

Your little Kiddie